

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

Famous Night . . . Odysseus Elytis

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Odysseus Elytis

FAMOUS NIGHT . . .

... In the flowerbed, near the musical complaint of your hand's curve.
Near your diaphanous breasts, the uncovered forests filled with violets
and broom and open palms of moon, as far as the sea, the sea you
caress, the sea that takes me and going off leaves me with a thousand
seashells.

I taste your good moment visible and beautiful! I say that you commu-
nicate so well with men, that you raise them to the level of your heart so
that one can no longer pray to what belongs to himself, to what emerges
like a tear at the root of every herb at the tip of each reached branch. I
say that you communicate so well with the springtime of things that
your fingers match their fate. You are visible and beautiful and at your
side I am whole! I want boundless paths at the crossroads of birds and
right men, the stars that shall reign together. And I want to catch some-
thing, even your smallest glowworm that jumps unsuspecting into the
skin of plains, so I can write with certain fire that nothing is transient in
the world from the moment we chose, this moment that we want to exist
above and beyond the golden opposition, above and beyond the calam-
ity of death's frost, in each wind's direction that marks our heart with
love, in the sky's superb prickling that night and day is shaped by the
stars' goodness.

Translated from the Greek
by **Jeffrey Carson and Nikos Sarris**